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TERMS:

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THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Depot of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 205. Land, 654 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, &c. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles north of O. C. Number of members, 19. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad. Number of members, 45. Land, 228 acres. Business, Publishing, Job Printing, Manufactures, and Horticulture.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does not mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

"HE FEEDS THE RAVENS WHEN THEY CRY."

The want that to your heart is nigh,
The thing for which you troubled yearn,
Toward Him, with trustful pleading turn
Who feeds the ravens when they cry.

Can He in any wise deny
The good of which your soul has lack?
Or shall He then his hand hold back,
Who feeds the ravens when they cry?

Nay, though all earthly sources dry
Of comfort, hope and help in pain,
You shall not ask of Him in vain
Who feeds the ravens when they cry.

Then, troubled heart, be swift to try
The God from whom all blessings lead;
He cannot see his children bleed,
Who feeds the ravens when they cry.

G. N. M.

SEED-SOWING.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

PAUL sets before the Galatians the idea that there are two great fields in which to sow: "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." God has poured out his Spirit on all flesh, and we all are actually baptized into that Spirit; it has come nigh unto every one of us, and is waiting and watching around us, and in us, for the seed-sowing of our lives. Anything that we do or say or think which is in accordance with the nature, desires and feelings of that Spirit, is seed sown to that Spirit, and works reciprocal action between us and that Spirit. When we act, think and speak in sympathy with the world and evil spirits, we sow to the flesh. All our actions, that are not on the side of the Holy Spirit, are on the side of the flesh. There is no neutral ground; we either sow to the Holy Spirit or we sow to bad spirits.

Now it is certainly very desirable that we should know whether we are casting our seed into the right soil or the wrong. It is very essential that a man who goes out with his bushel of grain should know whether he is sowing on his own land where he will reap a crop, or whether he is sowing on another man's land and will lose his labor. So it is important for us to know whether we are sowing to the Spirit or to the flesh. If we sow in the right way we shall get a good crop; but if we do not we shall lose our labor and reap corruption.

It is certain that until we make pretty high attainments in self-conquest we shall have to cross our natural desires and affections a great deal in order to sow to the Spirit. You can not please the Holy One while running with the current of life around you, doing as other folks do, and as your imagination tempts, or your whim suggests. If you would sow to the Spirit, you must have forethought and courage to do things from time to time which are not

very agreeable. Indeed, it is very necessary that a man who desires to reap a good crop, even in an earthly field, should be an enterprising, courageous person; and much more must the true spiritual farmer be wide-awake, and ready, whenever occasion requires, to daringly do things which are odd and which people around him do not like. You cannot drift along and have an easy life, in the common sense of that term, if you do the things which will bring you a spiritual harvest. I find things to do every day which I should not like to do if I consulted present pleasure; but I say to myself, "If it is disagreeable now, it will be pleasant by and by, when the harvest comes in. If I get a good crop, the cost of present labor is nothing."

Sowing to the Spirit is not all of this character. There is, beyond doubt, a great deal of pleasant work which is really sowing to the Spirit. Still, if you wait on the Lord and learn how to farm it on Paul's plan, so as to get the most profitable seed into the right soil, you will find you are called to a large amount of hard work. You will have to be willing to dig ditches, cut down trees, pull up stumps and pick up stones. You will find there is sport in self-denial and crucifixion even, when they are certain to produce a glorious harvest at the end.

It is evident that Paul assumed that real believers would sow to the flesh more or less. He says, "I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble, every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he shall be saved: yet so as by fire." This is the way even of the godly. But for my part I would not be content to be merely "saved so as by fire." Let us rather build with gold, silver and precious stones, and not have a great amount of wood, hay and stubble to be burned up around us at last, even if we are saved. It would seem that Paul meant to intimate that some men were going to heaven all smoked and blistered by the burning up of their bad works.

The reason why we are liable to build with wood, hay, and stubble, and why the Lord allows those who are real believers to do it, is this: he has a very great respect for our free agency and individual liberty. He does not want to be all the while dictating to us and interfering with us. He could not train us to efficient

service and real righteousness if he dealt with us in that way, making us servile followers of his suggestions. His policy is to give us a foundation of peace and justification, and then leave us free to act the best we know how. He encourages us to act according to our best judgment; until we learn by suffering and mistakes to do things right. It is just like training a boy in the machine-shop. The master says to him, "Go to work at the lathe, and see what you can do. If you break tools and make mistakes at first, you will by and by learn better." It would not do for him to stand right over the boy to see that he did not make one mistake. The boy would never learn much under that treatment.

God is dealing with us on that principle. He is in the shop with us, and is ready to be consulted and to advise us whenever we ask him; but after all he respects our liberty, and expects to make more out of us by leaving us to find out many things by our own experience, than he could by dictating to us and teaching us in a merely servile way. If we understand that this is the course of things, we ought to be wise enough not to take advantage of it by breaking tools, spoiling work and making fools of ourselves, but take hold manfully and learn to do things right just as fast as we can. That is the only way for us to get out of trouble, and keep out of it.

While God pursues his free and easy policy with us, he does not fail to notice all our mistakes. The Spirit of Truth cannot ignore or forget. In this sense, every foolish thing you do will come back upon you in some way, and will never be forgiven until settled for. It is not possible, in the nature of things, that God should ever ignore or forget anything that is wrong. That is the meaning of Paul's doctrine that the wood, hay and stubble will have to come to the fire at last. "Every man's work shall be tried by fire;" that is, tried by the truth. Everything that is false and foolish will certainly be brought to light, and all mistakes will be condemned. God is patient, gentle and forgiving, in the sense of allowing us opportunity to learn by experience to correct mistakes, but not in the sense of ignoring mistakes, or of dealing with us as though we were wise when we are foolish, thus giving us the reward of right-doing when our deeds are wrong.

They have a saying in the machine-shop, that a boy never will learn much until he breaks something. But another principle is, that if he breaks a tool he must go to the office and settle for it. Both of these are good principles. The first is a good one for the foreman to act upon so as to keep his temper toward an unlucky boy; and it is a good one for the boy to consider, if he is tempted to discouragement when he breaks a tool. But after all he had better keep in mind the second principle too, and not go to work expecting to break tools, because he will have to pay for them. After a certain amount of experience, he will get to be almost certain to do what he undertakes, and do it right.

The thing to be learned in the great shop of the universe is to walk in the Spirit. If we want to get a good trade, which will give us a

living for all eternity, we must learn how to speak, think, act and love, so as to please the Spirit of God.

SIMPLICITY OF THE GOSPEL.

MATERIALISTS speak of "natural laws" as governing the universe, and place great stress on their universal reign, bowing to their power in the belief that there is nothing superior to them. Not so with the believer, who discerns an all-loving, all-wise and all-powerful being at the center of the universe; whose will is the law of creation, and whose forms of action in and on spirit and matter, but vaguely seen and more vaguely understood, are commonly termed laws. He discerns that he can come into unity with the Creator himself, and by virtue of such union become superior to the so-called "natural laws;" that it is his privilege, as a child of God, instead of being tyrannized over by them, to make them subservient to him. He sees that much of what is designated evil by the unbeliever is substantially good in disguise. All real evil he finds does not emanate from matter nor is it the result of the action of "natural laws," but proceeds from a central evil principle or being called the Devil or Satan, whose nature is selfishness, and whose influence is poisonous, disorganizing, and destructive in its action; while the influence of God or love is life-giving and harmoniously formative and beautiful in all its manifestations.

Creation viewed in this light becomes simplified. Instead of seeing a vast body of "natural laws" despotically ruling over him and an infinite number of inexplicable phenomena surrounding him, one beholds only two great primary centers of action—God and Satan; the operations of whose spirits primarily comprise all the various forms of manifestation in the universe.

Leaving the domain of matter and penetrating that of spirit, he sees the simplicity of the gospel, in that it reveals to him that man is a medium of either God or Satan, or in a state in which he is influenced by both; and hence his warfare is not with nature or matter, or with his fellowmen, but with Satan, whom he is to overcome in all forms through faith in Christ and confession of him a whole Savior. Hence resistance to selfishness in whatever guise it may approach him, and receptivity to God's love through Christ as a medium of God in him, are the work of the believer. Herein are peace, comfort and repose; which in their fruition end in rest, love and union with God and one another.

M. L. B.

THOROUGHNESS.

IF I sought a mission, it would be to advocate *thoroughness*. If one thing more than another fills the world with disappointment, nay, we might say with disaster, it is the want of thoroughness. The evil is of all climes, and in every clime hydra-headed. Volumes might be written showing what the world has suffered from this cause alone. It would astonish us. And yet, to this day, this plague goes on producing its bitter fruits, as though it were useless to expect anything better.

Want of thoroughness is shown in ways we little suspect. I need not dwell upon the more serious aspects of the evil—heavy losses at sea and on land—shipwrecks, explosions, collisions, fires, floods and the like. We have proof enough at home what a nuisance this spirit becomes in our every-day experience. Whenever we leave a thing half done or even not quite done, without a good reason for it, we are not thorough-going. A spirit of thoroughness seeks not only to complete what it undertakes, but to do it in the very best way. It is *painstaking*, which is the horror of the opposite spirit. The cow-bird, it seems to me, would advocate the leaving of your business for others to do; and providence may have intended the example of that creature for the special benefit of those of the human race who resemble it in that particular.

What has not this spirit to answer for? Who shall trace its multiform development among the sons and daughters of men? Many epithets have been lavished upon it—such as laziness, carelessness, thoughtlessness, shiftlessness, and so on; but they are all of the same brood, and their fruits are precisely alike.

One can tell what to expect of a person from the way he does small things. A spirit of thoroughness shows itself on all occasions. To one fully possessed by it, no necessary act is trivial. If he discovers even a fallen broom he is ready to restore it to its place. If he has to deal with broken glass, how careful to remove every vestige, *because*—he has a thought for others.

And is not this one secret of thoroughness? Besides the pleasure there is in the habit itself when once acquired, does not the man of thoroughness who builds an ocean steamer, for instance, find great satisfaction in the thought that the vessel of his making shall not be the means of engulfing hundreds of his fellow-beings, merely for the want of painstaking?

But the train of daily inconveniences and petty annoyances that attend a lack of thoroughness is almost endless. Who has escaped them? It may be thought trivial to bestow any pains whatever upon such small things, but do not be startled if we suggest that there may be even manliness in proper attention to them. Is there not sometimes a great deal of self-denial in acquiring a habit of thoroughness? And is there manliness in a lazy or self-indulgent spirit? On the other hand, it is beautiful to see a considerate spirit at work. It is akin to thoroughness, for sometimes a lack of thoroughness is due to a mere want of thought. "Consider one another to provoke unto love." How can a lazy spirit relish that idea? It will not put itself out of the way one jot, if it can possibly avoid it.

Nor need we expect to be accounted thorough-going, unless we are prompt—prompt in keeping our engagements. How can we rely upon the man who is not true to his word—who neglects to fulfill his promises or to keep his appointments, nay, more, who does not make it a point of conscience to be as good as his word even in small things—no matter how small? Can that man be called thorough-going? We repeat it, there is scarcely an end to the ramifications of this matter. Is it too

much to say that there is yet to be a great epic on the subject? There have been poets from time to time who have recorded the various epochs the world has gone through. Isn't this a theme worthy of a genius greater than any that has yet appeared? Our very salvation depends upon a spirit of thoroughness.

A CHANCELLOR'S SON AT AN INDIAN MEETING.

BY GEO. N. MILLER.

IT was my good fortune last summer to make the acquaintance of an Englishman of gentle blood. He had more than the charm of gentle blood, however. His was a deeper nobility, such as I had never expected to see in a person of aristocratic lineage, and which I may hardly dare hope ever to see again. In freshness and simplicity, in fondness for the games of childhood, in the ease with which he was entertained, he was a veritable boy, this bonny Englishman! In depth of thought and intelligence he showed himself, for all his sprightliness, none the less a scholar. For his social culture and refinement it would be but the poorest praise to say that he was a gentleman. In many a nameless grace of bearing and breeding, of conversation and manner, he seemed an undoubted prince.

In the days that this son of merry England was stopping with the Bible Communists he showed all that respectful curiosity toward our American civilization, with its fresh social growths and new-found ways, which makes the educated Englishman so interesting on his first visit to this country. As I have noticed of several Englishmen, the one to whom I refer was especially curious concerning the Indian races of America; and when he found that the remnant of one of the proudest of the "Five Nations" dwelt on the hills surrounding our home, he became exceedingly desirous to visit them. "I should like," said he, "to be able to say to my friends in London that I have visited an Indian settlement and seen the aborigines in their homes." What, by the way, is the nature of the glamour that rests upon the eyes of the Englishman who looks at our Indian from his far-off island-home, it is not quite easy to discover. The English do not, I think, look at the Indian exactly as the "noble red man" of poetry and fiction, but rather view him in their imaginations always in his wild, unreconciled and menacing aspect. I have sometimes even suspected our English guests of a secret disappointment at not finding the Oneida Communists dwelling among distant wigwags and resounding war-whoops. Be this as it may, we spared no pains to give our friend the acquaintance he desired with our Indian neighbors. The first step toward this was an introduction to Thomas Cornelius, the minister of the Oneida Indians, who chanced on a morning to which I refer to be doing a little trading at a store upon our Community domain. Plain as is the degradation of the relics of the Oneida tribe, it were difficult to speak of this Indian, Thomas Cornelius, with aught but respectful admiration. Honorable, upright and dignified, with a Christian tenderness and fervor, he commands the respect and friendship of his white neighbors and the love of his people. He, at least, would justify that idea which we are accustomed to ridicule as so fanciful—nobility in the Indian. The physique of this Indian minister is strikingly in keeping with the prowess which was anciently ascribed to the Oneida chiefs. Over six feet in height, muscular and well proportioned, his countenance is gracious and his smile pleasing. In the chat which followed the introduction of the Englishman to the red man, we learned that a

company of Quakers were passing through New York State and preaching to the Indian tribes. By a singularly lucky chance, in the afternoon of the memorable day on which this interview took place the Quakers were to preach to the Oneidas, and Thomas Cornelius gave our English friend a cordial invitation to be present at the assembling of the Indians. This was just the opportunity which our guest had coveted, and we accepted the invitation with much pleasure.

In the afternoon we drove to the Indian meeting-house, half a mile distant upon the "East Hill." The house of worship was a small frame building with rude wooden benches for seats, and a plain desk for a pulpit. Upon this desk lay a well-worn copy of the Indian Bible. At the time of the arrival of our party there were but few Indians assembled. These with the four Quakers (two men and two women) were chatting under some trees which shaded them from the August sun, or gazing idly down into the fair Oneida valley. Among the Oneidas here seated we recognized an eccentric Indian who serves the double functions of leech and interpreter to the Oneida tribe, and who is everywhere about Oneida known by the unique name of Doctor Sundown. The Doctor is somewhat noted for his urbanity, and he was nothing loth to respond to our English friend's desire to talk. After asking the Doctor a variety of questions concerning the tribe, all of which he answered complacently and loquaciously, our party could not forbear to question him about his curious name. "How could he have come by so singular a name?" "Perhaps," said one of our company sily, "it was because you were always late in the day, Dr. Sundown." The Doctor replied gravely that the name Sundown was given him by the Indians, and that it was a custom for each member of the tribe to have two names, one received from his parents, the other—by which he was most commonly known—bestowed upon him by his tribe. To illustrate this strange impulse for naming which exists among the Indians the Doctor told us a story. He once went as interpreter with many Indian chiefs to Washington to negotiate with the Government concerning Indian lands. As the chiefs were passing through Philadelphia, on their return from Washington, they stopped for a short time at the house of an aged Quaker, who had shown them surpassing kindness. Before leaving the Quaker's dwelling the chiefs desired to give him some fitting token of their great love, and they decided to bestow upon him a name by which he should be known among their tribes forever. Accordingly, the chiefs held a grave deliberation as to what name they should give to this man whom it delighted them to honor. But no one could think of the fitting name, and in their solemn labor of mind the chiefs passed out of the house into a yard, as if the open air might loosen their perplexity. As they stepped from the door their eyes fell upon a gigantic wild grapevine, which the old Quaker had trained to climb against the side of the house. The chiefs, no longer in doubt, decided at once that the name of their benefactor should be *Wild Grapevine*, and that became his Indian name.

By the time the Doctor had finished his story there were about thirty Indians assembled, and we went into the house, our English visitor occupying a bench near the pulpit with the interpreter, Dr. Sundown. The meeting being quiet, one of the Quaker ladies made a prayer and then proceeded to give, in very simple language, an account of Christ's birth and mission. This mission, she strove earnestly to make the Indians understand, was to them not less than to their white neighbors. Her manner was fervent and pleading, and her language at times eloquent and touching. The

Indians responded to her appeals with groans and amens. When she had finished they struck up one of their wild, rich Indian songs, in which both men and women took part.

The religious services finished, Dr. Sundown, the interpreter, arose, and, placing his hand familiarly but respectfully on the Englishman's shoulder, said to his people, in the short impressive Indian sentences. "This gentleman has come from England. He has come to see us. I introduce him to you as a son of England—as a son of the King!" Dr. Sundown having resumed his seat begged the Englishman to address the Indians, whose respectful glances showed a deep interest in him. The Englishman seemed to be perplexed by the proposal. He looked appealingly toward our party, and finally, turning to where we sat, asked our advice. We told him that we thought it would please the Indians if he should express a simple interest in them. He arose immediately, handsome, graceful, the son of a Lord Chancellor, his fine face flushed with the interest of novel circumstances. The few words which he spoke in simple, mellifluous English are as fresh in memory as if spoken yesterday. "He had come from England, as their interpreter had told them. He had heard much in his country of the Indians, as being a very brave, simple, true-hearted race, and he was glad to see them and to see that they were interested in religion. England and America were becoming more and more one in spirit, and the interest of his countrymen in the peoples of this country was constantly growing. He would bid them a hearty good-bye."

These few words gave a peculiar glow to the close of a curious meeting. There seemed for the moment to be a fusion of spirit as well as a mixture of races and sects. Indians and Shakers flocked around us to shake hands and bid the Englishman a heartfelt farewell.

The Indians of that meeting are at their homes on the Oneida hills; the Englishman is in the courts of London; the Quakers are in their "City of Brotherly Love," and the Bible Communists are at their home in the Oneida Valley.

From the pleasant account which has appeared in the *Mexico Independent* of the excursion made to the O. C. last week by the citizens of Pulaski, Mexico and other towns, we take a few paragraphs:

About noon, we were at the Community. The cars stopped in the rear of the buildings, if, indeed, there is any rear; and so much had we heard of the grounds that at first we were disappointed but in going on that feeling gave place to admiration.

Very soon the company was scattered, some in the mansion, others exploring out of doors, and not a few delving into the mysteries and bringing out the contents of sundry baskets brought from home for the relief of the hungry. But let no one suspect that this operation was going on under the gaze of the sun and a crowd. Cozy rustic seats, some by the side of tables stood under the shelter and screen of trees, so that groups of friends were sometimes very near, yet could not see each other. Dinner over, these too became strollers and explorers, all the time admiring more the exceeding cleanness and beauty of the grounds. Within everything was spotless; there was no vulgar display of furniture, but excellent taste pervaded all appointments. The men were gentlemanly and the women were ladylike, the latter all wearing bloomer costume with short hair.

One of the most interesting places to us of course was the printing-office, a cheerful, airy room with all the essentials and conveniences for typesetting, where were plants suspended from the ceiling and ivies crept along the wall. Most of the work there is done by ladies, which probably accounts for its exceeding neatness and order. But it made us want what we never expect to have—one just like it. Indeed, all the arrangements, so far as we were able to see, appeared about as nearly perfect as possible.

Two hundred and fifty took dinner in the din-

ing-hall, and all professed themselves delighted with their fare. When the party left for home at 6 o'clock, many of the Community accompanied them to the train, and large numbers stood at windows, doors and out of doors waving handkerchiefs, while from the cars handkerchiefs were waved in return. Hosts could not be more unremitting in attentions to guests than they had been, and they seemed well pleased with their visitors.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5, 1872.

OFFICE.

"WHAT office do you hold in this institution?" a visitor inquired of a member of the O. C., who had graduated with honor from college and theological seminary and officiated as church-pastor previous to joining the Community. "I hold at present the office of Dish-Rinser," was the simple reply.

It never occurs to a member of the Community that one kind of work is degrading in itself while another is elevating. It is understood that the character of labor is determined by its associations and by the spirit in which it is performed. Our respect for men is measured by their real character and actions, not at all by their temporary circumstances. Official position carries with it no rewards not within the reach of the faithful laborer in subordinate positions. The temptations of official position excite no envy. There is no striving, no intriguing for official responsibility. You might live in our midst for years, and not hear a single word from a disappointed aspirant for office. Indeed, if the members were not inspired with an earnest desire to serve the cause to the best of their ability, many important offices would long go a-begging.

No one need be told that our individual and collective happiness is greatly increased in consequence of our freedom from official strivings; while the Community is likely to be better served officially than if office were an object of ambition with us. True merit is sure to manifest itself and be recognized. The best man to organize and guide inevitably gravitates to his high place of trust in such a state of society, and all around him will cheerfully acknowledge his leadership.

The grand secret of our harmony in respect to the question of labor and of office is that we have learned, on the one hand, to respect one another according to character regardless of position, and, on the other hand, to consider that all labor may be made an ordinance of worship.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

WE do not pray, "Save us from our friends"—a petition sometimes heard in common society, where friendship is so superficial that selfishness often overrides and treads it under foot; for we appreciate true friendship so much that we would make any sacrifices for it; but we do pray that our friends will not assume to represent the Community and its principles without due authority and proper credentials.

The connection between our religion and our socialism is identical with that between a tree and its fruit; and yet there is a large class calling themselves our "friends," who, while indorsing our social principles, see no connection between them and our religious life, and really condemn the latter as visionary and fanatical. Such friends may do us more harm than good, and cannot truthfully represent us. We say, Speak for yourselves, gentlemen, but not for us.

Another class, in their zeal and enthusiasm, and we might add fanaticism, are ready to indorse everything embodied in our principles, religious and social, and stand forth as our champions and representatives, who have yet given our principles no careful investigation and study, and have no experimental knowledge of the faith of the Community. This class reminds us of the "stony-ground" hearers—they hear the "word" of our reconciliation with God and with one another, and the resulting peace, harmony, economy, etc., "and anon with joy receive it," and would fain believe they have a call to proclaim the glad tidings everywhere; but the root of the matter is not in them, and they can only bring reproach and damage upon the cause they thus espouse.

There are always enough ready to say, "Lo! here is Christ" and "Lo! there is Christ;" but the good time is not coming with any such proclamation. The kingdom of love and harmony must first come in the hearts of men; Christ himself compared it to leaven hid in meal; and though this leaven may work too slowly and silently for noisy reformers who are impatient to "set the world to rights;" yet its operation is sure and satisfactory in the end, harmonizing, as it does, all relations, and "making heaven on earth." Those who most fully appreciate this interior leaven and its chosen method of operation will best represent the O. C. and its principles. W. H. W.

NEW OUT OF OLD.

IN "Les Miserables" we read of the mysterious use of language called "Argot," among the desperadoes of Paris. But what village, what city, what state, what nation, what sect has not an argot peculiar to itself? Every town has its wit or wag or eccentric character, who lets fall some queer word or phrase which is aptly quoted by the joker for the amusement of his audience, and so passes from mouth to mouth until it becomes, at least colloquially, a part of the language. Writers like A. Ward, Ollapod, Widow Bedott, etc., have a knack at so twisting their English that it sticks in the memory and falls involuntarily from the tongue. The loquacious "Widow" was brought to mind only the other morning by hearing some one thus comment on the dubious aspect of the sky: "We kan't kalkerlate with any degree of sartainty what is gwine to occur." The observations of some persons acquire an almost national notoriety. Mr. Tweed doubtless "knows how it is himself," by this time. Mr. Mills, whose philological fame is well-known to those who have long been readers of the CIRCULAR, had a style of talking and writing which was entirely unique. His unconscious genius furnished us with a number of odd sayings which have stood the wear of half a dozen years. We hear, even to this day, of persons who are about to "turn a short corner," or who have "now come down to a critical point in their lives where it is important they moove careful!"

But setting aside the comical aspect of this matter we shall perhaps find that it possesses a serious aspect which is more entertaining. It would seem that the English language, with its more than a hundred thousand words, ought to be broad and full enough to express any idea of the human mind; and yet, every revolution, every new form which society takes, gives birth to new words, or, more commonly, to new definitions of old words. The O. C. has thus by necessity and almost unwittingly adapted so many words to its own peculiar use that when strangers are present at our evening gatherings we are often conscious that we speak enigmatically. Our confession of Christ, which is a direct appeal to divine aid and is our only form of public prayer, contains many

variations of this kind. Here are some common expressions which may be slightly puzzling to the uninitiated: "I confess Christ in me a Community spirit." "I confess an interior spirit." "I desire to be saved from distractions." "I confess union with the ascending fellowship." "I desire a spirit that goes home," etc., etc. Let us explain a little.

The word "Community," used in this sense, has come to be the symbol of all that is large-hearted, self-sacrificing, public-spirited, thoughtful of the interests of all, and in a general way zealous for the advancement of Communistic principles.

By "interior" we mean that quality of spirit which leads a person to "pinch in" the outgoing, superficial tendencies of his attention and to continually turn his vision toward the kingdom within his heart.

Love, music, art, dress, play, work, everything, in fact, of the kind upon which we depend for happiness, is a distraction from God who claims our undivided devotion; hence our prayer to Christ to save us.

Fellowship we divide into three classes: the ascending, the descending and the horizontal. The law which controls us in regard to these is, that it is the duty of each one to seek to rise in the scale toward those who are wiser in the knowledge of God than himself; to keep his heart and ways open to their inspection; to bring his will and desires into accord with theirs, and to pass into close connection with those below him only so far as he is sent and can be controlled by those who are in the higher position of ascending fellowship to him. This principle is so well understood among us that the simple expression, "union with the ascending fellowship," is understood to convey a very broad meaning.

Those who read the Home-Talks will have some idea of what we mean by "going home." Our true home, our most real home, is where God is, and the door is in our hearts. By shutting our eyes to the outside world and seeking a nearer view of this eternal home we enter into the peace and rest of heaven. Have you a care? Go home. Are you weary and heavy laden? Go home. Is your heart brimming with joy? Go home for wisdom, lest you squander your riches. T. C. M.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—Thanks to the deadly warfare we waged against the currant-worm last year, we are realizing this season an enormous crop of that appetite-provoking fruit.

—Those engaged in the fruit-preserving business are enjoying a slight lull between berries and peaches, which they employ in labeling and packing.

Wednesday, July 31.—An excursion of about 200 from Sandy Creek, a small town a few miles north of Pulaski. The day was rather cool and sombre for picnicing, but the people appeared to enjoy themselves.

—Passing neighbor H—'s strawberry-field we saw six women and two men hard at work hoeing the new plants. There seems to be a scarcity of male laborers in this region, for we have observed in several instances that the farmers employ women to do outdoor work, and that some of them appear to be fully equal to the men in strength and manual dexterity.

—We heard Mr. M. H. Kinsley, the superintendent of the farm, speaking of the agricultural department of the *Utica Herald* in high terms of praise. Some experience he had last year convinced him of the reliability of the "weather report" published in that paper, so that he now depends greatly upon it for wisdom in the curing of his

hay and grain crops. Though the summer has been a showery one and the hay-harvest heavy, he has had no cut grass injured, except on one day when the "report" failed to appear. He has never known its prognostications to prove untrue. Though it has sometimes predicted rain when every sign in wind and sky seemed to give it the lie, the storm-clouds have invariably appeared before night; so that by trusting implicitly to its directions, he has saved many a load of hay and grain, which, but for its timely warning, the propitious aspect of the morning would have led him to leave in an exposed condition. An instance, illustrating the practical value of these reports, occurred last Monday. Mr. Kinsley started his mowing-machines at 3 1-2 o'clock A. M. At 7 o'clock the *Herald* informed him that there would be rain within twenty-four hours. Alas! 4 1-2 acres of barley and 12 1-2 acres of grass had been laid low. It was a bright clear morning, and it seemed almost absurd to anticipate rain so soon; but he immediately made his calculations for a shower before night, and bent his energies upon securing the grass and grain which had been cut. He set one man at work upon the grass with the tedder, and sixteen others at turning the barley over and over under the drying rays of the sun. Every hand plied its implement with a will, and by half-past one every sheaf was in the barn. He then marshalled his whole force upon the hay-field, and by the time the first great drops began to fall at ten minutes after five, all the hay, except half a load, was safely under cover. Some of the neighbors who, trusting to the "feeling of their bones" and various "signs" of vane and vapor, have not always been so lucky, begin to look with respect upon Mr. Kinsley's powers of divination, for they ask him now in the morning what the weather will be. But he tells them to take some paper which contains the "weather report," and they will get their money ten times over. There are many other points pertaining to farming concerning which he obtains information of great practical value from the *Herald*.

—Mr. Albert Brisbane of New York city and Mrs. Bates, correspondent of *The Golden Age*, spent Thursday evening with us. Mr. Brisbane entertained us during a part of the meeting-hour with a description of his new invention. These visitors mentioned that Victoria Woodhull and her sister, Jennie C. Claflin, of political, social and spiritualistic notoriety, have retired from their palatial up-town residence, discontinued their *Weekly*, and are on unfriendly terms with Tilton, editor of *The Golden Age* and biographer of the first-named lady, and also with Stephen Pearl Andrews, who was long their principal co-worker.

—A lady visitor, who came from some pastoral retreat, must have been afflicted with obfuscation of vision, when making the round of the silk-factory; for afterward, when describing the same to a party of friends who had missed an opportunity to go, she said, "And there were the *worms*, a-spinning and a-winding!"

—We have noticed for sometime that there were on the lawn a number of blighted patches of grass, striking the eye very unpleasantly amid the general freshness and verdure. To-day one of the young men, with a turn for investigation, rolled back the apparently lifeless sod, and there, just beneath the surface, was a perfect nest of grubs. Two quarts or more of this parasite having been abstracted, and the mutilated roots well watered, the grass is beginning to show signs of reviving.

—The conversation Wednesday evening turned upon the healing power of criticism. Our family physician spoke warmly in favor of its medicinal properties. He said that among physicians quinine is considered the most powerful tonic known; but he is sure that criticism will take a higher place even than that. Appreciation of sincerity is growing throughout the Community. It is common to

hear its good effects spoken of both in public and in private. Criticism, as an art, has very much improved during the last few years. Practice in this art as in all arts makes perfect. Hepworth Dixon saw the start we have got in nice analysis of character through our practice in criticism. In his *New America* he gives in his usual irreverent way a very laughable account of our system of criticism. But he makes one serious remark in a page of humor, which by contrast has a startling effect. It is this: "What struck me most about their criticisms, next to their obvious use in the art of governing men, was not so much their candor as their subtlety. Many of the observations were extremely delicate and deep, showing fine powers of analysis sharpened by daily practice." As we become more refined we are better mediums of the Spirit of Truth, and personal feeling is eliminated. Criticism given and received under the influence of the Spirit of Truth is sure to bring relief to the physical or mental sufferer.

—The following stanza was written by an associate who had a sudden and overwhelming sense of the power and majesty of God and the insignificance of human knowledge:

Sweetheart: who knows or who can tell
Where winds do blow: where sparrow fell?
Who counts the stars, the leaves, the sands,
Who see at once all seas, all lands?
There is but one: 'tis God!

—"This is the driest water I ever saw," exclaimed a little seven-year-old, as he emptied a well filled glass at the fountain in a surprisingly short space of time. "You're a little insatiable!" was our mental ejaculation, though not so very unlike the rest of mankind these sultry July days, after all." So we drink and keep drinking, yet again find ourselves thirsting for another draught. Public fountains are required to pour forth without stint their cold and crystal stream, for the refreshment of every passer-by whose thirst is quenched but for the instant. At the restaurant, languishing pleasure seekers take their glasses of foaming soda or leisurely sip palate-tickling lemonade; but such luxuries as these are not within the reach of all. The perspiring farmer pitching hay, the weary housewife making cheese, must resort to less expensive methods of allaying thirst. Though an iced lemonade, prepared with care and taste, is the best of cooling draughts, yet there are a number of simple, home-made mixtures which give considerable satisfaction. Among these we offer the place of honor to "Medicated"—no mean concoction, invented by some culinary genius years ago. It is a misnomer, for we doubt whether the most subtle chemist could detect in it any of the medicinal properties to which its title would suggest that it might lay claim. It is a most innocent composition; but our fun-loving M. D., when satirizing the girls one hot day for manufacturing it in such large quantities, jokingly stigmatized it, "Medicated." This soubriquet proved to be an adhesive one; and "Medicated" it has been called from that day to this. Though chiefly made by the fair sex, who are renowned for their lack of system, there is actually a recipe which if followed will amply repay any one for the slight trouble it may cost him. Here it is:—Into two quarts of water put five table-spoons of vinegar, nine of sugar, and flavor with nutmeg, or anything else you may choose, taking care not to forget those indispensable bits of ice which tinkle and chink so pleasantly. Another favorite summer-drink among us is Raspberry Vinegar or Shrub. Though its manufacture is a little more complicated, it is none the less palatable. Let it be made according to the following directions and it can scarcely fail to please: Over a quantity of red or black raspberries pour a sufficient amount of vinegar to cover them. Allow this mixture to stand several days; then strain it, sweeten to your taste, and scald thoroughly. Use it immediately, if

you wish, in the proportion of two large spoons to a tumbler of water, or bottle and keep until another season. Those who best know, think age does not detract from its richness and sparkle. We make various other cooling drinks by pressing the juice of fresh, tart fruits into water well sweetened; but the home-made compounds which wear the best are Raspberry Shrub and "Medicated."

—There are several subjects bearing a more or less ludicrous aspect, which come up for discussion in our evening meeting with almost periodical regularity. No one suggests the theme, but it arises involuntarily. One of these spontaneous topics sprung up a few evenings since. Though our family numbers two hundred, the proportion of public speakers is rather small; and as these usually sit in the middle of the room, many of those who occupy seats on the circumference are listeners. It thus happens that the talkers, who are situated within convenient speaking distances, continually forget the ears beneath the gallery and by the doors, unless reminded of them by some impatient listener who has strained his tympanum until his endeavor to catch what is going on has become painful. "Can't hear!" he cries. "Please speak a little louder, sir." Then some one from the opposite corner plucks up heart and echoes, "That's so; I haven't the least idea what they are talking about." The tongue-representatives in this body politic, who have become somewhat hardened by many backslidings, glance at each other humorously aghast. "What's to be done?" asks one. "You people who sit on the back seats must talk more yourselves, and then we shall be more likely to remember to pitch our voices for your ears." "But we should naturally like to discuss the same subject you have under consideration, and how are we to manage to do that unless we get some clue to what you are saying?" "Perhaps if there were less whispering you might hear better." "Possibly; but a great deal of the whispering is for the purpose of inquiring, 'What was that he said?' or 'Did you hear Mrs. X's last remark?'"

Here is a verbatim conversation which occurred last evening:

H (in a gentle tone of inquiry).—"I wonder if anybody saw the brilliant meteor just before meeting?"

W (in a puzzled tone).—"The brilliant what?"

H (on a higher key).—"Meteor."

W—"When did you say? This forenoon?"

H (anxiously).—"No, no. Just before meeting."

J (a little farther back, in a tone of disgust).—"Saw *what*?"

B (from another somewhat distant point).—"So I say. I don't know *anything* what they are talking about."

Such good-natured sparring as this does not end merely in words, but produces considerable improvement for a short time at least; and we expect that as we advance toward more general freedom and simplicity, this difficulty will inevitably pass away.

WALLINGFORD.

—One of the men employed in moving the factory came very near being drowned several days ago. The men were getting ready to move the building across the river, and were floating ties down for blocking. Frederic Marks tried to reach one of the ties and pull it in, but failed. Then Mr. Thayer tried without success. One of the hired men—a mulatto—started out into the stream after it. The water was not deep—scarcely above his waist; but there was quite a strong current. Suddenly he stepped into one of the deep holes which are so numerous in the Quinipiac. He could not swim, and so went down, broad-brimmed hat and all; and on coming up gave a loud shriek. Frederic whisked off his clothes and started to the rescue. At the same moment one of the French boys pushed by ahead of him. The man

went down three or four times. When the French boy got to him the drowning man seized him round the waist, thus preventing his helping him in the least. Frederic having reached the spot, clung to the limb of a tree with one hand, and held the other out to the man, saying, "Give me your hand!" He made no answer or effort to obey. Three times Frederic repeated, "Give me your hand!" and finally the man seemed to catch his meaning. Frederic grasped him by the elbow; and the French boy, by this time having got ashore, reached his hand to Frederic, and they all got safely in, a dozen men having collected on the bank to pull the man ashore. The mulatto suffered a while from the effects of the water he had taken in; but at night he came up to the house for some milk, looking as merry as if nothing had happened.

EVENING CONVERSATION AT THE VILLA.

Criticism and Reminiscences of it—the Rock Foundation of the Community. July 30, 1872.

G. C.—Mr. Noyes used to say that an undertaking is not finished until it is reported, and noticing an interesting providence connected with a matter that came up yesterday morning I thought I would like to speak of it. Our friends at O. C. found it necessary to discuss the management of one of the departments of business; and, being dissatisfied with its spiritual condition, made some changes of help which did not give satisfaction to all concerned. This being reported to Mr. N., a meeting was called which resulted in just what was needed: a criticism of those connected with the department. This criticism was received in a good spirit, and another meeting called to-day, at which it was arranged to have Mr. H. go into the department. All were pleased with this, and everything was settled harmoniously.

W. A. H.—We shall all feel good about that business now; shall know that if a bad spirit gets in, H. will be sincere, and will criticise it. There was one thing about that meeting that was very interesting. The persons criticised had grown hard, and had got under the spirit of the world. Our meeting softened them, and we liked them better after it, and they felt better themselves. I thought, What should we do without criticism? We could not get along.

G. N. M.—Did you ever notice that Shakespeare makes a kind of indorsement of criticism? He says: "Happy are they who know their faults and can put them to the mending."

W. A. H.—Criticism is one of our great discoveries.

N.—The effect of criticism sometimes is very sudden, like the effect of a thunder-shower: like sharp flashes of lightning, it clears up the air and makes every one feel better after it.

W. A. H.—That is true. Did you notice the testimony E. gave at the meeting? He said he felt that he had been hard and under a cloud, but after his criticism he felt relieved and much happier than before.

N.—In the afternoon of these hot days, when the mercury rises to the nineties, the atmosphere sometimes becomes almost intolerable; then a good thunder-storm comes and makes everything pleasant. So when persons find themselves in an unsatisfactory, uneasy state, and know not why, the trouble may be in the spiritual atmosphere surrounding them; and the best thing they can do may be to pray for a thunder-storm and for flashes of lightening.

W. A. H.—It works in two ways. Sometimes when a person is in the state you describe he needs criticism himself, and sometimes to let loose criticism on others.

G. C.—Way back there in Putney, the year before we moved out here, in entering on the new dispensation of Community life, Mr. Noyes had a great deal of spiritual labor to perform; and I remember

that on one occasion he called the members all together at midnight to have a criticism, though we lived then in separate houses in different parts of the village.

N.—Well, one cannot hold lightning long.

W. A. H.—When you first introduced criticism there at Putney did all take it quietly, or did some answer back?

G. C.—We all submitted quietly, I think, but we did not know what serious business it was going to be. I remember L's first criticism. He had been in the habit of taking notes of remarks made, and that evening he took his place with pencil and paper, prepared to take notes of his own criticism. He scribbled away for awhile, but finally the shots came so thick and so near that he laid down his pencil and had all he could do to keep still.

N.—He stopped writing and went to sweating.

G. N. M.—It must seem wonderful to you, Mr. Cragin, when you look back and see from what small beginnings the Community has grown to its present condition.

W. A. H.—It never could have attained its present status if it had not had just such men as it has had—men of faith and spiritual earnestness. You, Mr. Cragin, had as strong faith in the Community cause when there were scarcely a dozen of true believers as you have now.

G. C.—God gave me the utmost confidence in Mr. Noyes at the beginning—confidence that he was an inspired man; and confidence in his inspiration has been what has held the Community together.

G. N. M.—I never appreciated such men as Mr. Kinsley and Mr. Burt as I have this summer. They never have failed or turned back. They are just as confident and full of faith now as they ever were. They are like granite.

W. A. H.—Quarrying for good men is like quarrying for stone: in opening a quarry you at first have to clear off the earth and loose stone, and finally come to good building stone. So Mr. Noyes at first found himself, after his departure from the old systems of theology and sociology, surrounded with "shaly," unreliable men; but he was not discouraged—kept on quarrying until he got at good stone—granite.

HAYING.

THE present season has thus far been a precarious one for the haymakers, especially in this section. We have had copious showers on an average perhaps of nearly every other day since haying commenced, which has much delayed the work of gathering the crop, and what is still more to be regretted, we fear that much of the hay that has already been harvested and placed in store was not well cured or in a proper condition to keep, and will be found in a more or less musty state on feeding out next winter. However, some good hay must have been gathered in the early part of the season before the rains commenced, especially by those who attentively watched the "weather reports." Those who were thoroughly awake to the importance of cutting their grass early, while containing the greatest amount of nutriment, doubtless have secured the greater part of their crop in good condition, while others will find their grass over-ripe before it can be secured. The past cannot be helped; but we may learn wisdom from it by the things we have suffered, and for the future resolve not to delay an hour after the grass is fit to cut, if the weather is favorable, which is more likely to be the case early in the season than after "dog-days" have commenced. It has been fully proved that one ton of hay cut thus early, when the grass is in full bloom, and secured in good order, is equal in

value to at least a ton and a half cut after the grass has gone to seed, and secured in poor condition.
H. T.

THE FOUNTAIN PLANT.

WE have an unusual number of varieties of amaranths in our garden at W. C. this season, including the new Fountain Plant, *Amaranthus Salicifolius*. Whether there is anything in the situation, soil or climate specially favorable to their development, I cannot say; but I have never seen amaranths with so much beauty; and this willow-leaved amaranth, the Fountain Plant, is the most unique specimen of the whole class. It is said to have been introduced here this season from England, and to have come originally from the Philippine Islands, where it was discovered by the late J. G. Vietch.

Our plant measures now two feet and three-fourths in height, and two feet and one-half in diameter at the base; and gradually tapers from the ground to the top into an exquisitely formed pyramid; it is still growing vigorously. Viewed in the sunshine from the arbor while writing, its colors appear to be golden-bronze, deep violet and green. Perhaps a dozen leaves on the plant measure half an inch in width; the others vary from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in width, the width being uniform throughout. The lower leaves measure five inches in length, while many of the upper leaves measure thirteen and fourteen inches in length, drooping like spray over the surface, and adding grace and beauty to the whole arrangement.

Imagine a pyramid of the above named proportions, with tiers of water-jets arranged in circles, one above another, each emitting its spray, and you have an idea of this vegetable fountain.

E. G. H.

Wallingford Community, July 27, 1872.

BETTER THAN POLITICS.

PUBLIC attention is just now so surcharged with political events and discussions that the superior impulses of the human heart have little opportunity to assert themselves in any conspicuous way; and hence there is all the more reason why we should note the fact when they do really come uppermost, as in the recent picnics of the poor children of New York. "Thousands of street children," we are told, "have been given a day or two in the country, and hundreds their first sight of it;" and it is not too much to say that the death-rate of the city has been considerably reduced by these excursions, and by other efforts to improve the condition of the tenement population of the great metropolis. Credit is mainly due to editors, reporters, and others of the *New York Times*, for originating and carrying into execution the picnic scheme. Free-will offerings were made by all classes, especially by the children of more fortunate parents, amounting in the aggregate to thousands of dollars. The accounts published of the excursions and picnics are very pleasant reading. Here is one from the *New York Times*:

When the word was passed to the children to enter the barge there was no pushing nor crowding, though the impatient boys clambered like cats up the timbers, and would not wait the slower process by the gangway. In a very few minutes over 800 happy little ones were on board, nine-tenths ascending immediately to the upper tier. The band struck up a lively air, and the youngsters in their glee commenced capering about the deck in every direction, tumbling up against each other, falling down and picking themselves up again, as if a bruise were a matter of course, and not to be thought of on so joyous an occasion. "Hey Johnnie, ain't this prime?" shouted a ragged little news-vender in a blue shirt and canvas pants to his partner. "You bet, Shorty," was the succinct reply. Little girls came to their teachers with their eyes brimming with tears, and said repeatedly, "O Miss —, I am so

happy." It seemed as if their little hearts were bursting at the expanse of happiness opening before them. . . . The day was delightful. The sky was exquisitely blue, and golden clouds in grand and fantastic shapes relieved its splendor. Soft breezes, like kisses from heaven, played through the open timbers of the barge, and fanned caressingly the excited little cheeks. Every object was a source of amusement and delight. . . . As the barge passed the work-house, the children sang a hymn full of shrill sweetness and tender, unconscious pathos, which brought moisture to the eyes of the adults who accompanied them. Then, as the barge sailed proudly on and entered the open passages of the sound, the band struck up again a gliding waltz tune, and the children from German schools were seen revolving round the deck with the utmost animation.

They were in the height of their enjoyment when the tug gave a whistle of triumph and brought the barge alongside the pier at Oriental Park.

The sandwiches and cakes provided were now in requisition again, and each child was furnished with three sandwiches and some cake, and then allowed to land. Then what a scene of rejoicing ensued! The little girls rushed pell-mell into the grove, and seating themselves under the maple and shading trees began to chatter and munch with equal rapidity. Not so the boys. With whoops and yells, and roars of ecstasy, they charged upon the beach, deposited their provender on rocks, stripped off their rags, and in a trice were striking through the cool green waves with the most delightful abandon. Half an hour was allowed for rest and refreshment, and then the teachers led the way to the dancing-stand where the band had already stationed itself. Many of the children did not want to dance, but the German children seemed to think that picnics and dancing are synonymous terms. So they went at it with enthusiasm. But by far the greater number preferred the grove and the fragrance which the trees emitted. Here they enjoyed themselves according to their taste. . . . At 3 1-2 o'clock the whistle of the steamer sounded, and obedient to a degree, the girls left their games, the boys their clammering, and the bathers, with regret, deserted the cool water. As they entered in single file, every one received a glass of deliciously iced lemonade, which evidently "went down good," if one might judge from the expression on the youngster's faces. Half an hour afterward the barge started on its homeward way with every child on board, and all in the highest possible spirits. Then the ice-cream came into requisition, and a saucerful was administered to each. It was a funny sight to watch them eating it, for some had never used spoons in their lives, being accustomed to lick it out of the cups of the Chinese vendors with their tongues. They tried the spoons however, at first imitating very awkwardly the style of those around them, but finding that they were making but little progress, they tackled the saucers in the usual way. . . . In the midst of the joyous riot the boat arrived at its dock, and, with sorrowful faces, the children trooped out upon the pier. . . . As they disappeared in the distance, some wending their way down one avenue and some another, it was pleasant to reflect that a ray of real human love had penetrated their poor tenement homes, and that the result must be for the good both of those who received and those who gave. Children who have ever been once face to face with lovely nature will not forget her radiant form, and will, in many a little effort at cleanliness and many a striving after better things, show their appreciation.

LIVINGSTONE.

The Great Traveler's Account of Stanley's Visit—Letter of Thanks to the Editor of the New York Herald—His Geographical Discoveries.

Ujiji, on Tanganyika, East Africa, Nov., 1871.

JAMES GORDEN BENNETT, Jr. |

My Dear Sir:—It is in general somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen—it feels so much like an abstract idea—but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home. If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me you will easily perceive that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between 400 and 500 miles, beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission,

by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar, instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer by the woful sights I had seen of man's inhumanity to man reacted and told on the bodily frame and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary, sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere "ruckle" of bones. There I found that some £500 sterling worth of goods which I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been intrusted to a drunken, half-caste Moslem tailor, who, after squandering them for sixteen months on the way to Ujiji, finished up by selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had "divined" on the Koran and found that I was dead. He had also written to the Governor of Unyanyembe that he had sent slaves after me to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and begged permission to sell off the few goods that his drunken appetite had spared. He, however, knew perfectly well, from men who had seen me, that I was alive, and waiting for the goods and men; but as for morality, he is evidently an idiot, and there being no law here except that of the dagger or musket, I had to sit down in great weakness, destitute of everything save a few barter clothes and beads, which I had taken the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need. The near prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I could not despair, because I laughed so much at a friend who, on reaching the mouth of the Zambezi, said that he was tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife. We could have no success after that. Afterward the idea of despair had to me such a strong smack of the ludicrous that it was out of the question. Well, when I had got to about the lowest verge, vague rumors of an English visitor reached me. I thought of myself as the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; but neither priest, Levite nor Samaritan could possibly pass my way. Yet the good Samaritan was close at hand, and one of my people rushed up at the top of his speed, and in great excitement gasped out, "An Englishman coming; I see him!" And off he darted to meet him. An American flag, the first ever seen in these parts, at the head of a caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. I am as cold and non-demonstrative as we islanders are usually reputed to be; but your kindness made my frame thrill. It was, indeed, overwhelming, and I said in my soul, "Let the richest blessings descend from the highest on you and yours!" The news Mr. Stanley had to tell was thrilling. The mighty political changes on the continent; the success of the Atlantic cables; the election of General Grant, and many other topics riveted my attention for days together, and had an immediate and beneficial effect on my health. I had been without news from home for years, save what I could glean from a few *Saturday Reviews* and *Punch* of 1868. The appetite revived, and in a week I began to feel strong again. Mr. Stanley brought a most kind and encouraging despatch from Lord Clarendon, whose loss I sincerely deplore, the first I have received from the Foreign Office since 1866, and information that the British Government had kindly sent £1,000 sterling to my aid. Up to his arrival I was not aware of any pecuniary aid. I came unsalaried, but this want is now happily repaired, and I am anxious that you and all my friends should know that, though uncheered by letter, I have stuck to the task which my friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me with "John Bullish" tenacity, believing that all would come right at last.

The water-shed of South Central Africa is over seven hundred miles in length. The fountains thereon are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a man's lifetime to count them. From the water-shed they converge into four large rivers, and these again into two mighty streams in the great Nile valley, which begins in ten degrees to twelve degrees south latitude. It was long ere light dawned on the ancient problem and gave me a clear idea of the drainage. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark, for who cared where the rivers ran? We drank our fill and let the rest run by.

The Portuguese who visited Cazembe asked for slaves and ivory, and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters, questioned and cross-questioned until I was almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus.

My last work, in which I have been greatly hindered, from want of suitable attendants, was following the central line of drainage down through the country of the cannibals, called Manyema, or, shortly, Manyema. This line of drainage has four

large lakes in it. The fourth I was near when obliged to turn. It is from one to three miles broad, and never can be reached at any point or at any time of the year. Two western drains, the Lupira, or Bartle Freres River, flow into it at Lake Kamolondo. Then the great River Lomaine flows through Lake Lincoln into it too, and seems to form the western arm of the Nile, on which Pethe-rick traded. Now, I know about 600 miles of the watershed, and unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole; for in it, if I am not mistaken, four fountains arise from an earthen mound, and the last of the four becomes, at no great distance off, a large river. Two of these run north to Egypt, Lupera, and Louraine, and two run south into inner Ethiopia, as the Li-ambia, or upper Zambezi, and the Kafneare. These are not the sources of the Nile mentioned by the Secretary of Minerva, in the City of Sais, to Herodotus.

I have heard of them so often and at great distances off that I cannot doubt their existence, and in spite of the sore longing for home that seizes me every time I think of my family, I wish to finish up by their re-discovery.

Five hundred pounds sterling worth of goods have again unaccountably been intrusted to slaves, and have been over a year on the way, instead of four months. I must go where they lie at your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work.

And if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijian slavery should lead to the suppression of the east coast slave-trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together. Now that you have done with domestic slavery forever lend us your powerful aid toward this great object. This fine country is blighted, as with a curse from above, in order that the slavery privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed; and the rights of the crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave-traders.

I conclude by again thanking you most cordially for your great generosity, and am,

Gratefully yours, DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Officers of the Coast Survey have determined the height of Mt. Rainier to be 14,444 feet, and of Mt. Shasta 14,440.

The American Palestine Exploration Society has, we learn from *Harper's Weekly*, lately received paper squeezes of two basaltic stones inscribed with Phœnician characters similar to, and perhaps companions of, the celebrated Moabite stone of which we have heard so much. The acquisition of the stones themselves has been a subject of much rivalry between the British and American societies, in consequence of which the Arabs, believing them to be extremely valuable, have hidden them although it is hoped without destroying them as was done with the Moabite stone. These squeezes were obtained by two well-known Americans, the Rev. D. Stuart Dodge and Frederick S. Winston, and have been forwarded by them to New York. Pen-and-ink copies have already been received and have lately been lithographed and distributed among American scholars. It is not certain that the stones from which these squeezes were taken are genuine antiquities, the Orientals being unfortunately too well versed in the art of manufacturing such objects so as to meet any demand. There is, however, a strong probability that they are what they profess to be. At any rate they will probably before long be subjected to such an examination by experts as will determine their true character.

The report of the Royal Commission on the coal mines of England, though of a character to allay any apprehensions of a coal-famine in the immediate future, has not prevented a remarkable advance in the prices of all kinds of fuel. London papers say that as a general rule coal of all kinds is now nearly double the price it was a year ago; and serious apprehensions are entertained that next winter there may be a great dearth of coal. It is reported that now, almost within sight of collieries raising great quantities daily, it is often impossible to obtain supplies for local consumption, except after great delay, and at prices that would have been thought visionary a few years ago. The cause of this scarcity

and advance are manifold. Though Great Britain has an abundance of coal in store for some time to come, yet the coal in some of the best mines has now to be dug at great depths, and drawn long distances; there has been an unusual demand for iron; the miners' hours of labor have been diminished while their wages have been increased, etc. But it at present our English friends can allay their anxieties on the coal question, its diminishing supply must command more and more serious attention as the years roll on; and the time cannot be many centuries distant when it will be all-absorbing; for England's position as a manufacturing and commercial nation cannot be maintained longer than her coal can be produced in almost unlimited quantities and at moderate prices.

THE PHILOLOGISTS IN COUNCIL.

The fourth annual meeting of the American Philological Society, recently held at Providence, R. I., passed a series of resolutions, establishing a section of Linguistic Pedagogics, which will systemize the labors of the Society, and no doubt be productive of fruitful results. All papers respecting methods of teaching, the selection and use of text books, the course of instruction in colleges and schools, the pronunciation of Greek and Latin, and measures of educational reform in teaching languages, are to be referred, for examination and discussion, to this section, and its proceedings reported to the general meetings of the Society.

A letter was read from the Rev. Thomas Huriburt of Toronto, the author of a Chippawa grammar, upon which he had labored for fifteen years, offering the Society the privilege of publishing his grammar, and stating his willingness to prepare grammars of the Cree, Algonquin, and other Indian languages, for which he already had considerable material. The matter was referred to a committee, Chancellor Crosby of the University of New York remarking that the preservation of the Indian languages is the special department which we are called upon to cultivate, having advantages in this direction that our European brethren cannot hope to obtain.

A paper was read on the Erroneous and Doubtful Uses of the word "such." The author, Charles A. Bristed, concludes: (1) When the particle of comparison applies directly to the adjective, *so* must be used instead of *such*. Example: "I never saw such tall trees." This is ungrammatical, because the speaker has particular reference to the height of the trees; he should therefore say, "I never saw trees so tall." (2) When the particle does not intensify the adjective, and may be referred directly to the noun, *such* is the proper word. Example: "I never saw such human beings." In speaking of cases of cruelty, should a person say, "Let us inquire the cause of such barbarous practices," though allowable, the sentence is not strictly grammatical. The construction should be, "Let us inquire the cause of practices so barbarous."

Professor J. Hadley of Yale read an interesting paper on the Byzantine Pronunciation of Greek. There is a manuscript consisting of a few leaves, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, to which the attention of the learned is called for the reason that it has been found to contain passages from the Greek text of the Septuagint, written in Anglo-Saxon characters. These passages give a clue not only to the sounds of the Anglo-Saxon letters, but also to the prevailing pronunciation of Greek at that time, which is supposed to have been the latter part of the tenth century.

The Hero of the Iliad, who is he? Professor H. W. Tyler of Knox College, Illinois, read a paper on this question, which, it appears, remains yet unsettled. He favored the view that there is no real plot to the Iliad, that Homer had no thought of constructing an artistic plan, and therefore had no hero. The Wrath of Achilles is the subject of the poem. Professor Harkness concurred with this view. Professor Butts adhered to the old opinion that Achilles is the hero. Homer celebrates "the Wrath;" but behind that Wrath there is a man. Professor Donai held the theory that the poem was intended to celebrate the struggle between the Aryan and Semitic races. This reminded Professor Whitney that the Rev. Mr. Fox, a pupil of Max Müller, was convinced that the poem represents the contest between light and darkness. He would as soon accept this theory as the other.

Professor March read a paper on the Anglo-Saxon Language, showing that the points of difference be-

tween it and English are sufficient to entitle it to a separate name. It has sounds that the English has not; the English has sounds that it has not; and many of the sounds common to both are used differently. The arrangement of the words is not English, neither is the versification. The thought also is different, frequently the meaning is obscure, because the turn of thought is so peculiar. When we know what the words mean, and how to put them together, it is often the case that we cannot tell what is signified. It is the thinking of a strange race. Other papers were read: one by Professor W. D. Whitney of Yale on Material and Form in Language; one by J. H. Trumbull of Hartford on Indian Local Names in Rhode Island. Mr. Trumbull is the only person living who can read Eliot's Indian Bible.

C. W. U.

THE NEWS.

There are prospects of a fine peach crop in New Jersey.

The Mikado has commenced his forty days' journey—a journey without parallel in Japanese history.

The Tichborne claimant is reported to have made a triumphal tour of England, and to be growing in general favor.

Queen Victoria has signed the Ballot Bill, which fact has elicited a burst of cheering in the House of Commons.

Gen. Sickles has withdrawn his resignation as United States Minister to Spain—the differences between him and Señor Sagasta having been settled.

Henry Meiggs has contracted with the Peruvian Government to build a railway over the Andes for \$100,000,000. A peak 16,000 feet above tide-water is to be crossed.

A Minnesotan has invented a water-velocipede which is in use at some of the watering-places. It is claimed that it can be propelled at the rate of a mile in four minutes.

Stanley, the discoverer of Dr. Livingstone, was given a banquet in Paris on the evening of the 1st inst. by the American residents, including the United States Minister Washburne.

The French Government asked for only three milliards of francs in its new loan, but over twenty milliards have been subscribed, Germany alone offering all that was originally called for.

The wise ones say the draft of a treaty between the United States and Japan has already been prepared, which will prove quite advantageous to this country, but that it will not be signed until after the return of the Japanese Embassy from Europe, which it is soon to visit for the purpose of negotiating treaties with its principal States.

Mile. Nilsson was married on the 27th inst. to M. Auguste Rouzeand of Paris, in Westminster Abbey, London. The nuptials were witnessed by a large assemblage, including many of the aristocracy. The Princess of Wales sent a diamond bracelet to Mile. Nilsson on the occasion of her marriage, and the presents received by her amounted in all to about £12,000.

According to a recent census, the total population of the Russian Empire throughout its whole territory is 81,500,000 souls. Of these 61,420,000 are embraced in European Russia, 5,319,363 in the Kingdom of Poland, and 1,794,911 in Finland. The increase during the last 4 years has been at the average rate of 4 per cent., but this varies largely in different provinces.

A proposition has been entertained to tunnel under the Strait of Canso, between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, where the strait is only two and a half miles wide, for the purpose of connecting the island of Cape Breton with the mainland. The cost is estimated at \$2,500,000. The idea is connected with a proposition to run a line of steamers from Glasgow, or other British port, to Louisbourg, the most easterly point of Cape Breton.

"The Official History of the Franco-German War of 1870—71" has been published, which contains the remarkable statement that the Germans had made every preparation for the war as early as 1869; the routes for the different troops and their places of rendezvous had all been planned; even "the very orders calling out the men," we are told, "had been drawn up and signed, only the date being left out."

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PUBLICATIONS.

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History of American Socialisms. By John Humphrey Noyes. 678 pp. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. London, Trubner & Co. Price \$3.00.

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